

church did not encourage these things. He admitted that all this was too true; but assured me, that a sentiment was growing in favor of these needed reforms, and measures were even then being taken to bring them about. I knew he was candid in all this, and unhesitatingly say: if the elders in the Dunkard church from that time to the present had all been of the Jacob M. Thomas kind, there would now be a strong and united Dunkard church, and my firm conviction is, that Margaret Brown would have been one of its earnest and devoted supporters.

Under the impression that what I regarded as needed improvements would be brought about, I united with the church, somewhere about the first of August 1851. We went about 12 miles to the meeting, Margaret accompanying me. While I was being baptized she stood on the bank weeping, and no doubt, praying for me. A very few weeks after this a committee of elders visited the church, not to expel any one, but to assist in electing and installing two ministers. When the result of the vote was announced, brother Christian Harader and myself seemed to be the choice of the church.

After brother Harader and wife and myself were duly installed, Margaret remarked to me, "Why do they not give me some instruction too?" I called brother Quinter to us and told him what she had said. He, like a true Christian gentleman that he was, gave her some very good, friendly and encouraging advice, in which he expressed a hope that she would help and encourage me in the great work to which I had been called. She replied "I shall never discourage him from performing his duties." I am happy to say at this late day, that if ever a mortal well and faithfully kept a promise, it was this one. I wish I could proclaim it into the ears of every Dunkard in America, and show to them why Margaret Brown never united with that church, and what they, in justice should place to her credit.

It was but a few years from the beginning of my ministry till the baneful Annual Meeting usurpations began to work; and to a person of Margaret's discernment it soon became apparent, that the purpose was, to destroy every principle of congregational government in the church, a principle specially dear to a Baptist. She saw, too, that it was the purpose of the Annual Meeting to meddle in the personal liberty of the members, such as regulating the form of garments, wearing of hair, beard and all the objectional things that have been told a thousand times. She moreover saw, that while a few intelligent men in the church were laboring to inaugurate a system of mission work, Sabbath school work, higher education and general intellectual culture, the main body was ever ready with some insidious scheme, to defeat every effort in that direction. She saw that ignorance and tradition would rule the church, for the great majority was on that side.

To me the task of reforming the church began to assume huge proportions, and a conversation as nearly like the following as I can recollect, took place between Margaret and myself, about the time that you, and your reports were ejected from the Annual Meeting. Do you recollect it, brother Henry? Margaret asked me: "Will it ever be any better?" "O yes," I said, "there are getting to be quite a number of intelligent men in the church, and by and by they will be able to convince the rest." "True," she replied, "but is it not a fact that nearly every ordained elder has either a son or some other pet, that he will manage by all sorts of red tape and wire pulling to make his successor in office, regardless of qualifications, save that he must be sound on the dress question? And is it not a fact, too, that the men who possess ability, and would give prestige to the cause, are held back from ordination, are discouraged, called 'too fast,' 'dangerous characters, etc.?' " This last little speech she closed with a hint, that I knew by experience what efforts are sometimes made to break this class of men down, and the conclusion she drew from these facts was that the preponderance of increase was largely on the side of ignorance and superstition. And hence there was no prospect of reformation in the body.

All I could say to this was, that I had abiding faith in the doctrine of the church, so far as it was gospel, and that from a gospel point of view, the Dunkard church, with all her faults, yet reflected primitive Christianity more fully than any other people, and that I should continue to labor for the elimination of the objectionable features from the church.

It finally became known that Margaret and I were more in accord on many points in church polity, than the church and I. This called forth some very unchristian remarks against her, not from the better class, but from that class which I fear worshiped the ordinances, instead of using the ordinances as a means through which to

worship God. In fact, she was blamed for about all of my supposed retrograde, and was regarded as a heathen and publican. I think it is not hard to see why she never united with the Dunkard church. But I cannot, in justice to her dear name and memory, close this narrative without telling how she kept her promise to brother Quinter, to never discourage me from the discharge of my duties, as a Christian minister, and presenting her claim for credit at the hand of the Dunkard church.

For a period of thirty-one years did I labor for that church, to the best of my ability. This was prior to the division; from 1851 to 1882 inclusive. Our pecuniary circumstances were limited, during most of that time. Hundreds were the calls to which I responded. Thousands of miles did I travel, over the hills and hollows, mountains and ridges of Western Virginia, Western Maryland and South Western Pennsylvania, and later in Ohio. I never answered a call without consulting Margaret, and never in her life did she discourage me, but often when the task seemed heavy did she lighten it up with her brave and cheerful words of encouragement. And hundreds of letters I received from her which she almost invariably wound up by saying as long as you can do any good, along some way. "Your Mag—" I ascribed this down to her credit.

In the winter of 1851, my son John was a little past 3 years old and healthy a boy as I ever saw, I from the brethren and hold meetings those wealthy Summit townships. We will do the means of support, went. I labored place as the custodian of the space of two weeks. Two good consultations each gave me a gold dollar. This was what I had for the neglect of business, and my two weeks labor and exposure in the dead of winter, and last but not least, the privations of my wife and child. When I returned home they were out of bread and out of flour. John had taken the scarlet fever, and Margaret being unable to take the necessary care of him and attend to the other duties, the child took cold, and for a long time the question of life or death hung in the balance. Although he is now a man, in honorable and successful business, yet he carries with him a damaged constitution as the result of that sickness. Margaret bore all this without a murmur or word of complaint. I ask the Dunkard church to set this down to her credit.

Well, it has all gone on record by the hand of the recording angel. And when the final day of settlement comes there will be no litigation. But, the crisis finally came. The delusive hope of reforming the church from within, was dispelled by the aggressive measures of the Annual Meeting against all attempts to do so. In 1881 we began to see that division was inevitable, and in 1882 it came with a vengeance. Margaret took a deep interest in the progress of the Ashland Convention. A speech in your condemnation of the committee and she watched it with care. She regarded it as if ever she had said, "You was a little too impatient, but the success of the movement was then. The fear on account of carrying out the 'gospel alone' doctrine, about the last time we conversed on this fact that of young and inexperienced men, and others who had not been educated in the Dunkard church, were disposed to shape the polity of the church, regardless of the wishes and feelings of those who had 'borne the burden and heat of the day.' "

I have dwelt largely on questions relating to the church and her relation to them, to satisfy those who for years had such a wonderful anxiety to know why "Brown's wife" never joined the Dunkard church. This is not a pleasant part of this sketch, but it being the opportunity I deemed it but just that our relative views should be known. To the church of her early choice she remained loyal and true to the last, and they too have suffered a serious loss. She was a reader, was well informed on all subjects relating to religion,

morality and education. She was a lover of flowers. Almost next to herself we shall miss her flower garden. A strong admirer of the works of nature, it will be my abiding regret that I did not have her with me over the 771 miles from Ogden to Denver, over the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. The leafy mountains towering almost to the sky, with all the colors of the rainbow presenting the appearance of a floral mountain of gigantic proportions, I know would have been her ideal of grandeur and beauty. Then she would have viewed that silent sentinel the Castle Gate, towering five hundred feet into the air, with reverential delight, as well as the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, and to stand on Mount Euray, 10,858 feet above the level of the sea, and look up thousands of feet higher and see the rocks and snow-clad mountains bedusted with evergreens, then through the Royal Gorge where only a blue, narrow streak of the heavens could be seen. Oh that she could have seen all this. She would have exclaimed in ecstasies of admiration, as she did forty years ago when on our wedding tour we drove through the Wills Creek Narrows above Cumberland Maryland: "Surely none but the fool can say there is no God."

But much as I regret it now, it was not for her to see these mortal sights. She is gone to where the scenery is still more grand, and she will be one of those who will sing the new song and will exclaim: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

She was industrious almost to a fault, laboring often too much for her strength. She was the true friend of the poor as many will testify. She was the model house wife, and accommodating neighbor. She was the truest and kindest of mothers, as her two noble sons can best comprehend, and now most deeply feel. As a wife, oh, how can I express my feelings? Allow me to say she was all that the endearing word WIFE can mean. It is one of the inscrutable mysteries and unanswerable questions; why good people must suffer so much before death comes to their relief; but such was the sad truth in her case.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 8th, I came home from Wooster, very sick with La Grippe. I was scarcely able to get into the house, and when I did so, I found Margaret and our niece, Jennie, both down sick with the same insidious disease. Our family physician was at once sent for, and he showed a troubled countenance. He knew that Margaret had been afflicted periodically for the past thirty years with a distressing cough, and that on several occasions she had severe attacks of pleuro pneumonia, and that these conditions rendered her an easy prey for the merciless Grippe, unless it could be dislodged by prompt and decisive measures. He put forth his best efforts but all in vain. She grew worse and worse, suffering intensely until the 19th, when the dreaded Messenger actually became her deliverer. She was conscious to the last, but could not talk much. I was not able to talk much with her, but I think it was about two days before she departed, I said to her: "Mother are you going to leave us?" She replied: "I wish I were already there." I said "are you willing to go?" I could not understand her answer, but John thought she said "We have no abiding city here." She then rallied a little and said: "I would like to stay," but the balance I could not understand. The last she said to me, that I could understand was, "This is a hard way to die." I could not fully comprehend her meaning, but I think she had reference to the sorrowful surroundings. I was too sick to be out of bed, Jennie unable to leave her bed upstairs to come down to see her; her sister Anne, living in the village but an absolute invalid, could not even be brought to see her. Truly it was a hard way to die. The next day, 19th, about 10 A. M., the spirit took its flight, and all that was left of my Margaret, the tall, brilliant girl of forty years ago; my Margaret, the faithful wife and wise counselor through a forty years battle in life; my Margaret, the true, devoted Christian mother, was the cold tenement of clay. Ah, this is not her. She is gone to that sun bright clime, to that country where such heart rending scenes never can come; where there is no sorrow, and where no farewell tears are shed. There is where I hope again to meet MY MARGARET.

P. J. BROWN.

Congress, Ohio.

A person remarked to a minister, saying, "Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," answered the minister, "it is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose." "But," said the man, "that is not a satisfactory answer. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low, and yet be restored?" The reply was, "I think it will be very dangerous to make the experiment?"